

A Rug Tent Is a Poor Place to Hide

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



NEWS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Retold From the Daily Papers As It Occurred

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY



THE memorable struggle which attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, and known as the civil war, began just fifty years ago.

The old newspapers of both northern and southern cities published during that stirring period have been searched, and from day to day the war news and current reflection of public sentiment are presented as they appeared in each section at that time.

From the southland the dispatches are taken directly from the files of an old-time newspaper of Richmond, Va., and from the north the news is drawn from several sources, including files of old papers in several of the larger cities.

The Northern View

May 9, 1861 (Thursday).

A rebel incendiary set fire to Willard's Hotel in Washington early this morning, and despite the efforts of the fire department, who were aided by the New York Zouaves, the building was completely destroyed.

A detachment of United States marines from Philadelphia arrived at the Brooklyn navy yard yesterday, and another from Washington came later in the day. They will be reinforced by a draft from the New York station, and then dispatched to Boston, where they are to constitute a full frigate's guard for the United States steamer Mississippi, which has been ordered to go into commission at once.

Steamer City of Alton Converted Into a Man-of-War

The United States steamer City of Alton has been converted into a formidable man-of-war. Her hold has been divided into a number of water-tight compartments, her boilers protected by strong bulkheads, and twelve heavy guns placed on her upper deck. When ready for sea, she will carry a force of 50 men.

Forty-five recently graduated West Point cadets arrived at Washington yesterday, and at once reported to General Mansfield, who ordered them into immediate drill service, at which they will be kept for some time before assigning them to corps in the regular army.

The Pennsylvania legislature has passed a bill authorizing a loan of \$500,000 for war purposes. It also provides for the raising of fifteen regiments beyond both requisitions of the federal government, making a total of fifty-five regiments as Pennsylvania's quota.

Virginians Are Fortifying Heights on the Potomac

An officer from the Chambersburg camp brings the intelligence that on Wednesday morning the Virginians seized the heights on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and are now engaged in fortifying them. About 6000 secessionist troops are assembled, and 1200 Kentuckians are on their way to join them.

Affairs at the Boston navy yard are unusually brisk. The sloop of war Vincennes, late of the African fleet, will be taken out of drydock on Monday and rigged. The frigate Bainbridge was yesterday reported to the navy department as ready for sea, and will probably join the blockade fleet next week.

The Southern View

May 9, 1861 (Thursday).

Dispatches from New Orleans say that the blockade of Pensacola, with several English ships inside the harbor, will most likely cause the immediate interference of England. According to the same intelligence, most of the officers aboard United States ships off the southern coast are known to be warmly in favor of the confederacy.

Western River Points Fast Being Fortified

The Cairo correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says that five batteries are now planted at different points on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, fully commanding both rivers at their confluence, and so placed that the entire force can be rallied to support any point in a few minutes. All the batteries, it is asserted, are supported by large bodies of infantry.

Disputes between the correspondence between Governor Magruder and the confederate states authorities, also including whether the confederate states had made any requisition on Kentucky for troops, and the governor's reply thereto.

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Tennessee to Furnish Troops and Money

Proceedings of the Tennessee legislature, which have just been made public, confirm the report that an ordinance of secession and alliance with the confederate states has been passed, subject to the vote of the people on June 8. Fifty-five thousand troops are called for, and two million dollars are appropriated unconditionally, and three million conditionally.

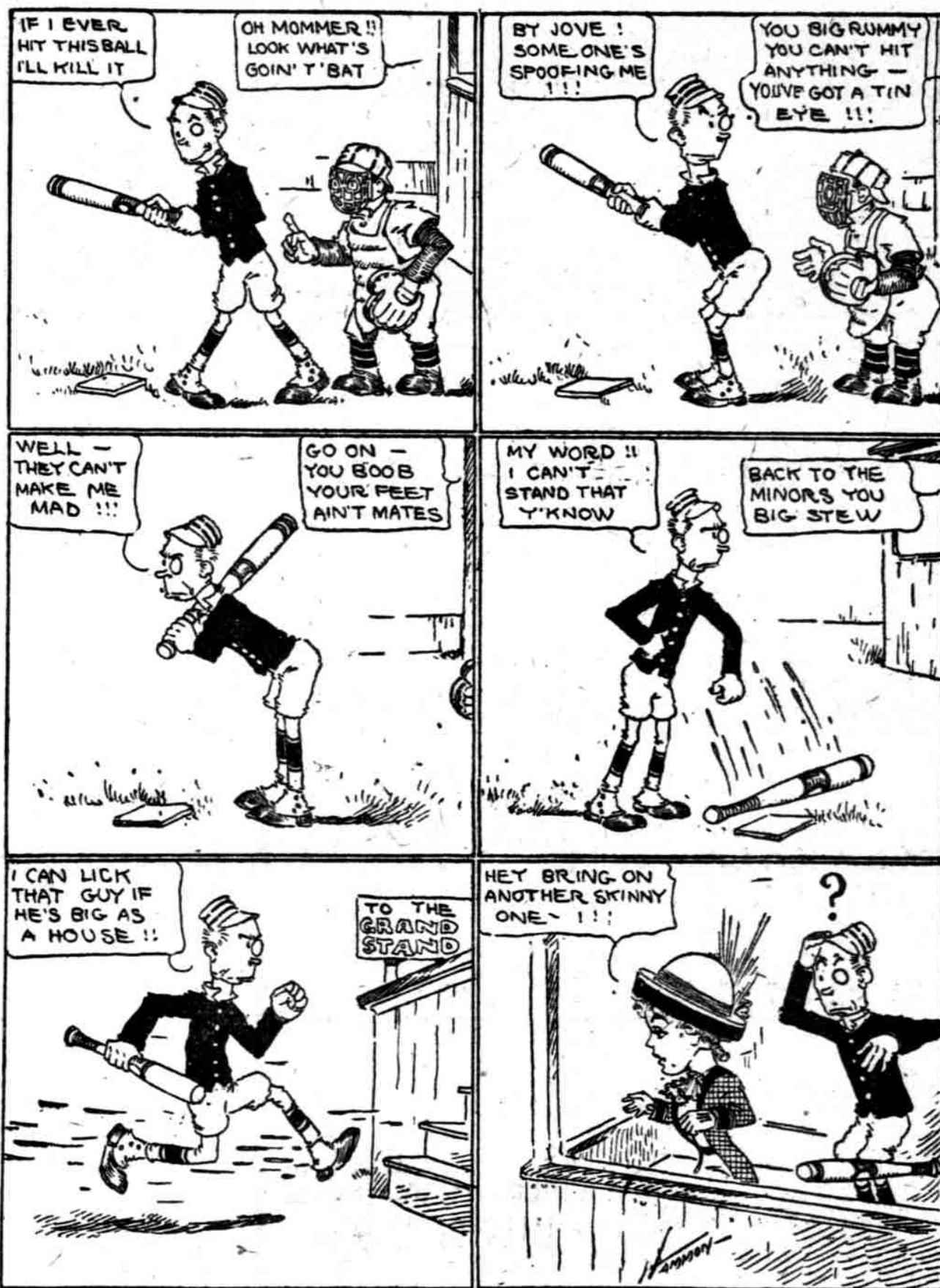
Charles H. Foster, a native of Maine, is given two days in which to leave Murfreesboro, N. C., because of current reports that "he has connected himself with the Cassius M. Clay guard at Washington and has taken the oath of fealty to Old Abe's government." Foster is an editor by profession, and recently married at Murfreesboro.

By JAMES H. HAMMON

Drawn for The Washington Times.

ALGY

Now What Could He Do In a Case Like This?



Loretta's Looking-Glass

SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE Letter From the Cross Father



"MY DEAR MADAM: Though I understand from my daughter that you are not married, I want to congratulate you on the married-womanly courage with which you seek to manage my family affairs. My eldest daughter came to my study and delivered a speech which seemed to me to have been learned by heart. It was a good speech, so I know she had not written it, as eloquence is not one of her characteristics. I questioned her. She refused to answer till I had consented to the regular visits of a young fellow—she has no aspiration to be general in her reception of gentlemen—whose attentions I have tried to curb, because they are both too young, according to my notion.

Both Too Young

"She told me of her appeal to you. I may as well acknowledge at once that the scales fell from my eyes. If she cares so much for the boy that she goes to the length of enlisting your help, I may as well gracefully withdraw the ban. I am not particularly flattered at the impression she has given you of me. I am not cross. I am just not demonstrative. It has taken a clear head and considerable care to rear the four children left motherless and young. It may have made me seem somewhat austere. Thanking you for your interest in my daughter's affairs, I am, very truly, "THE CROSS FATHER."

I reckon you, Mr. Cross Father, think there are things that a girl of eighteen needs more than a husband. There are, indeed. Your particular girl of eighteen needs a little more accurate sense of the truth.

Now that I have hurled my advice like a bomb into your very midst, I will have no sense of delicacy about tossing some more. You should get next to your daughter's heart. She has no mother. Let her love affair be your rejuvenation. I rather think you need a little jollying! Encourage her confidence.

Love's Young Dream

Let the young man see that you are in close sympathy with your daughter. I fancy you are the kind of man for whom younger ones have a great regard. So turn the light of your countenance upon him. It never does any good to oppose love's young dream. It becomes a nightmare. If it is necessary for them to wake up, let them do it under your benign guardianship. But listen! Don't hang around ALL THE TIME! Nothing so promotes the growth of a morbid interest as a pendant parent. Sit in the library with the doors almost closed. And forget about them. THEY will remember YOU enough to realize your proximity without being bored with your presence.

You are VERY welcome to all this wise advice. I hope you will like your future son-in-law.

OUR DEVIL WONDERS



If the boothlacks, judging from their careless technique when near the top of a low shoe, are in cahoots with the dealers in hosiery.

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

The French Ladies Have The Happy Thought, and FAME DOESN'T COURT WOMEN



THE suffragettes ain't the only women in the world that are havin' troubles of their own tryin' to be appreciated. Belle. Over in France a lot o' women are goin' to form a high-brow club all their own, with a "Ladies Only" sign over the door, because the men that expect to have their names in the next crop of history books won't let 'em in theirs. They're a lot o' wise old French fogies in that club. Belle, each member havin' to do somepin' to boost the world along before he was entitled to b'long. One o' 'em, fr instance, invented a cannon that'll kill two hundred men at every shot to take the place of the ridiculous little baby cannons that could only murder a hundred and twenty-five. And some o' 'em write these French novels that don't look so bad at first blush, but make you want to send for the vacuum cleaners when the blusches come thick and faster and you've read 'em through just to learn for your own satisfaction how bad they really are.

And they simply won't let the ladies in. Maybe it's because they're afraid o' havin' fudge all over the dictionaries, and maybe it's because they just object, which is men's principal reason for not wantin' the women around.

Why Not Try It Here?

I think it'd be a sort of a good stunt to have a ladies' immortal club in this country, Belle. Any woman that could prove she's had her name in the newspapers more'n a thousand times for helpin' along the world's progress would be eligible. To begin with, we'd have Mrs. Alice Blue Longworth and Eleanor Sears. Didn't they lift the chains of slavery off American women and teach 'em how to blow smoke through their noses?

Lillian Russell ought to be a member. Think o' the wonderful help she's been to the noble cause of matrimony, spendin' a lifetime to prove to the unappreciative world that "if at first you don't succeed" applies to marriages as well as to everything else. Thomsan's of other women would have got discouraged after the seventh or eighth time and let the world find out for itself. No, you couldn't keep Lillian out of the club without makin' enemies of all the ghosts and widowers that used to be her husbands.

Want to join, Belle. It'd be easy. All you'd have to do would be to keep on wearin' a harem skirt around the block until you've saved up the thousand clippin's. But who wants to be an immortal, Belle? I never saw a picture yet of a happy lookin' immortal.

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

"H'm!" coughed Mrs. Peeved triumphantly, as she swung her head briskly from side to side and pulled the thread through her embroidery with victorious abandon.

"H'm!" interrogated her husband, in a tone that expressed polite, but not particular interest.

"Women don't know anything about politics, eh?" crowed Mrs. Peeved. "Don't they?"

You Bet They Do

"Yes, they do, in spite of all the sarcastic things you've had to say to me on the subject, and I've proved it. I'm to be elected president of the Blue Button Club, and I've done all my own what-the-hell electioneering. We conduct our elections exactly the same way you men vote for president, and I tell you, a woman has to do some pretty shrewd campaigning to get into office."

"But you're not elected yet, are you?"

"Don't count your chickens." "Oh, don't worry about that," reassured Mrs. Peeved, loftily. "I've been—been lobbying enough to know exactly how the election's going to—what do you say?—swing. I've got practically every vote in the club promised, even if I did have to eat humble pie for two weeks. My, I've never paid so many compliments I didn't melt in my life."

Revenge Is Sweet

"I've been longing for a chance to get even with that Mrs. Scratchar for months, any way. She's running for president, too, the cat, but most of the ladies wouldn't vote for her because they know what a disposition she has, and I was careful to tell the ones that didn't. Oh, I guess there's not much about politics I didn't know!"

"Note for Mrs. Peeved," announced Della. Mrs. Peeved, with a cocksure look, handed it to her husband to open.

"Dreadfully sorry, dear," read Mr. Peeved, "but as you neglected to attend to the formality of accepting your nomination, we found we couldn't do anything but elect Scratchar."

"Yes, petty," commented Mr. Peeved, considerably putting a hand over his smile, "women know lots about politics that I never gave 'em credit for."

The principal of the grammar school



around the corner was in and the boss bet him two fifteen-cent straight that he could make half a dozen customers buy lemons at twenty cents a dozen, although the same identical lemons were in the next crate marked fifteen a dozen. The prof. took him up. Well, the boss dumped part of a barrel of lemons in one crate and the rest in another, and stuck a sign on the first batch: "Lemons, 15 cents a dozen." and on the second, "Extra large lemons, 20 cents a dozen." A blind man could have seen the lemons were exactly the same size, but, oh, you suggestion! Sure the boss won. They just ate 'em up!

O'Hoor's Tragedy; Or, Dangling Peril

"Oh, look! Look, oh!" shrieked a shrill feminine soprano, just as night was beginning to fall on Pickleheim street. "Mrs. O'Hoor's—oh, look! Look, oh!"

The neighbors gathered as one neigh and looked.

In imminent danger of crumbling to the street five stories below a poor lit-



tle white object dangled dangerously from the second-story window of the O'Hoor home.

"Oh, look! Look, oh!" Everybody was saying it now.

They debated what had best be done. "Tell her," advised some, and others shuddered at the effect the terrible shock would have on Mrs. O'Hoor. But something had to be done and quickly. The white object—

Never should it be said that anybody was allowed to hang a pillow case out her front window on Pickleheim street.

Smile at These; It Costs Nothing

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY

"Pigmies Hide their Women," is the title of a newspaper article. The writer omits to state how and where the women received the hiding.—The Pink Un.

Years and Years

The music hall artist was visibly annoyed by the "booming" of a few cockneys in the rear of the theater. Finally she advanced to the footlights and shouted in anger:

"I'll have you know that I appeared before King Edward VII!"

And the cockney crew roared back: "Ow long before?"

How to Find Motor News

Subscriber (who has just bought a car)—Say, what's the matter with this sheet of yours? Why don't you print some real live automobile news—something that people are interested in?

Editor—Why don't you read the paper and find it? Here it is, right at the top of the seventh page—"Mortgages and Failures of Yesterday."

Modern Romance

"Yes, I was fascinated by a golden curl."

"And did you marry the owner?"

"Oh, no, I found I could buy one like it for a dollar."

DID GUS EVER STRING YOU?

GUS WHO?

ASPARAGUS

POOR FELLOW HE'S GOT A BUM BEAN

GUS IS A SPOONY GUY

WHICH GUS?

GUSHER!!

PUT HIM OUT. HE'S LOVE-DIPPY!

PRIZE RIDDLE TODAY

WHAT BECAME OF THE GASOLINE WHICH THE DRIVER HAD TO CHAF-FEUR? THE CARBURETOR